THE PACIFIC

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

VOL. LX. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL., JANUARY 27, 1910. No. 4

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary.

MY SHARE.

I do not ask to storm the heights
To realize fruition.
I would not trample on the weak
To win a dear ambition.

I do not crave another's place,
I ask but what is mine,
I would not wander from the path
Marked out by Thy design.

Give me my share of toil and pain;
My portion of the best.
My part in Thine economy;
My place among the blest.

—Mary R. Baldwin.

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Established 1851

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 447 Minna street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Shaker colony near Lebanon, Ohio, is to be dissolved. Celibacy being one of the essential doctrines of the sect, their number has decreased from 800 in the first half of the last century to 23.

A Roman Catholic paper says that there has never been in all the history of the Catholic Church in America a notable legacy to the cause of missions. None amounting to $100,000 can be recalled. The further statement is that it will take thirty-five years with Catholic societies working at their present capacity to equal the donation made by the late John S. Kennedy to Christian work.

The estimated population of New York City in 1920 is 7,000,000. The annual increase in population, including its suburbs, is about 300,000. This means that there is added every year a city the size of Pittsburgh or Cincinnati. Manhattan Island is gradually being given over to business and its population is decreasing. Conservative estimates show that its population in 1950 will probably be 500,000 less than at present. On this island, in 1908, 1200 buildings, mostly residential, were demolished to make way for larger structures erected for business purposes.

A recent revival in the mission schools at Tientsin, China, is spoken of as "A revival that struck home." A missionary writes that it affected deeply all the mission schools and resulted in the settling of quarrels, and in confession and restitution. "One of the theological students stood upon the platform and confessed that he had gotten some money dishonestly and had used it in buying a handsome long coat and short coat which he had on. The long one was of silk and the short one of velvet. He then stripped off the two garments and left them on the platform and ever since then he has been wearing only cotton."

The "American Israelite" says that the ignorance of the Jew with regard to his history, his literature and his religion, is astounding. The Jew, it is said, studies every other religion, every other history, every other language, but his own. He knows all about Grecian, and Roman, and Persian literature, but when it comes to the literature of the Jews he is not there. He will inform himself on Brahminism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, but will regard his Judaism as taboo. He will feel ashamed of himself if he does not know all about the digamma in Greek, when he does not even care to know the Hebrew alphabet. He may even go so far as to study Sanscrit and Tagalog, but he draws the line at Hebrew.

An English clergyman who visited this country recently writes: "I was really shocked at the lack of religious feeling in New York. Church attendance has, in many places of worship, fallen off to practically nothing. I attended one service at St. Paul's Church, one of the historic churches of America, where George Washington worshiped, and there were actually not as many worshipers in the pews as there were members of the choir. This church stands on a plot of land worth two million pounds. Other churches were almost as poorly attended. Outside the great cities the situation is not so bad, but America certainly is badly in need of a spiritual arousing."

OUR PLEA IS TO CONQUERORS.

J. R. Knodell.

The Scottish minstrel was an adept at stirring the soul of his fellow-clansmen. The brave deeds of the past, and of the National heroes in days gone by, were recited to arouse the courage and nerve the arm of the swordsmen of the later day to new victories worthy of the fathers. Listen:

"Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce hae aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed—
Or to victory.
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lower,
See advance proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery."

Thus he used the recital of brave deeds of the past as a spur in the flank of their lagging zeal.

Napoleon Banoparte drew up his small but tried army of veterans on the plains of Egypt in view of the wondrous old pryamids. An immense army of African tribesmen, outnumbering his followers ten to one, was forming in line for attack upon his—bent upon his annihilation. Addressing his soldiers in eloquent words, made **mighty** by his glorious presence, he demanded their utmost endeavor. Pointing to the pyramids near by he said, "The witnesses of twenty centuries look upon us as we fight today." The appeal was effective.

So the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, desirous of urging his Christian brethren "to works of faith and labors of love," wrote the appeal, in the eleventh chapter of that letter, naming the grand heroes of faith, and alluding to their wondrous victories. He closes his challenge with the words, "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," let us do our best, as we follow Jesus the creator and perpetuator of the sublime faith of our Christian dispensation.

In each of these instances mentioned, the appeal for great efforts is to **a race of conquerors.**

It is so in our temperance struggle to-day. Our appeal in America is to a Nation of Conquerors. Our appeal in this campaign for "The Redemption of Oregon," from the worst foe that ever endangered a State, is to the heirs of the "conquerors of this Continent."

Let me now recall to your minds why this line of thought is applicable to Americans, and to Oregonians, and why it should stir us to great deeds.

Remember, the birth pangs of our nation's life were, in the mother country, against both civil and religious tyranny—that there we conquered the right to existence.

Remember, our nation when born was flung as a foundling on the door-stone of Holland—but that here also we conquered the right to live.

Remember, that, in our national youth we braved the rough Atlantic in the little Mayflower, and overcame barbaric crudities in the early colonies—and that we conquered, there too, the right to a lusty boyhood.

Remember, that, the struggles of Revolutionary days marked our coming of age, and that in the Declaration of Independence we conquered our right to a separate national existence but not without plain evidence of the struggle, as we left the print of our bloody feet on the snows of Valley Forge.

Remember, that, our national manhood was seen in the masterful way we conquered a Continent, annexing kingdom after kingdom to our national domain; climbing the Alleghanies; possessing the prairies; bridging the "Father of Waters"; mounting the Rockies and sliding down to the "Sunset Sea"; while on either side we stretched out our arms to the "great unsalted seas at the north," and to the tropic waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

That we were something more than huge, we demonstrated in the civil war, when we purged our national name and domain of the stain of human slavery. In that war we conquered the right to be called the champion of liberty for all oppressed mankind.

Other great battles were fought, and other great victories were won, until in 1898 we appeared among the nations as the "Great Heart," to champion the cause of the weak in all the world as we broke the grip of Spain from the throat of Cuba. Truly we are a nation of conquerors.

"Wherefore seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses," let us recognize that we, in our day, are under obligation to break the bonds of any oppression that may have hold upon our national life, crushing the poor and weak among us, and to purge from our national blood any virus that means ruin to any of our citizens. Our lineage demands it of us. The good things, bought for us with tears and blood, demand that we act the man—that we show ourselves heroes. It would be shame to us, if, with such a lineage, with such a heritage, purchased at such a price, we should be willing to allow such an accursed crime as the liquor traffic to hold place among us.

If we were unable to drive out our foe we might show our heroism by the royal way we endured the wrongs we could not right; but as long as we have the power to drive out the evil, and know the way to apply that power to bring release, then to weakly endure—to sit down and tamely endure wrong—proves us possessed of the spirit of slaves, and convicts us of a pusillanimity unmatched in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race. We are part of a race of conquerors. The appeal we make is made to a race of conquerors. Victory only in the struggle of our day—nothing short of victory—will secure to us our title of Conquerors. handed down to us from our fathers. To be beaten in the struggle will demonstrate that we are unworthy descendants of a worthy ancestry. Since God sifted all Europe for seed-corn with which to plant this Continent, and build up this nation, and since he sifted all this nation for strong men and women upon whom to build this great state, we should indeed be culpable, and preeminently unworthy if we did not rise in our manhood and drive out this subtle foe of all our most sacred possessions—a foe which, if allowed to remain, will entail upon us an inheritance of shame and danger.

What now, exactly, is the appeal we make to this race of conquerors? First: That we contemplate carefully the deep entrenchments this foe has in our national life. Second: That we confess the criminality of the liquor saloon. Third: That we consider seriously the destruction being wrought in our most sacred possessions by this accursed traffic. Fourth: That we recognize clearly the stupendous fact that as long as we allow this traffic a place among us we are entailing upon future generations vice and crime of the most repulsive forms and damaging character. And, fifth: That we admit the truthfulness of the doctrine that the liquor traffic is an economic blunder.

These five things are clearly our bounden duty. We do not, to-day, need to prove the truth of these five propositions to our citizens, but only to impress upon our people the duty of accepting and acting upon their truth. Our citizens do not need to be convinced of these five doctrines; but persuaded to coin their convictions into conduct.

Everywhere, in His teaching, Christ impressed upon the people that their sin was not ignorance, so much as willful refusal to act on their knowledge. "This is the condemnation that light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil. "Ye will not to come unto me that ye might have life." And this is preeminently true also in this great struggle of ours. Men know but do not act on their knowledge. They either have not the courage of their convictions; or they are too indolent to enter the strife. For years and years the light has been coming into the world on this liquor question, and many men do not act on that light, to drive out this foe. Is it because they love darkness rather than light? Must we not say, it is because, in some way, they are selfishly connected with the devilish traffic, or are afraid of its malicious power?

I am sure, friends, there should be no question what the answer to our appeal will be when it comes, not only to Americans, but to American Christians—not only to a race of conquerors, but to a conquering nation, redeemed and inspired by the Greatest Conqueror of all the ages. The Church of America is also the Church of Jesus Christ. The Redeemer of our race is also "the Captain of our Salvation." May we not expect that those who follow Christ will "come off more than conquerors through him that loved them?"

But, further, brethren, the conquering spirit is a spirit of deeds. No victory comes to the loiterer. "All things come to him who hustles while he waits." The work to be done to conquer in this fight demands activity of our hearts and souls, most truly, but also of our hands and feet and property. Not only our personality but our possessions. In these days of acquired strength no man does his whole

duty when he presents himself to God and man "A broken and empty vessel." By the opportunities of our days God has hooked fast to us much acquired power represented by our experience and our possessions. Therefore, if we do credit to our Lord, and measure up to our opportunities, we will come into His service with full arms, saying, "Here, Lord, am I, and all Thou gavest me, and all Thou hast enabled me to gather. Command me, Master, and all that is mine."

I am sure, the great things purchased for you and me in the past—and to which you and I have fallen heir—have been purchase at just this cost by our fathers. Nor have the times nor the demands changed. If we will be worthy of our fathers, and would have our children rise up and call us blessed we must not hold back ourselves in this struggle, nor keep back any part of the price demanded by the Lord of battles, for the victories we wish, and that our children will have a right to expect from us.

SOME PASTORAL PROBLEMS.

III. Men and the Church.

By Edward Lincoln Smith.

One of the striking features of Carr's Lane Church, Birmingham, during the pastorate of Dr. Dale, was said to be the presence of a large number of men in the congregation. An unusual influence was exercised by the Church on that account through the community. Every minister desires the same condition of things. He likes to preach to men as well as to women and children, to have men actively engaged with him in the work of the church and to project his influence into the community through a body of earnest, efficient and consecrated men. The question of how this can be done and how the man element of a modern church can be fostered is of importance.

In these days of fraternal organizations, use must be made of the club idea to gain approach to many men. Men's Clubs are well-nigh as universal as Sunday-schools or Endeavor Societies in a well-equipped church. There are many forms which the Men's Club idea takes, but it must be largely social in its nature at first, centering in the church the fellowship feeling of the neighborhood. Kitchen and dining-room are indispensable, and neither should be too small. The Men's Club of my experience has a monthly meeting, dines at the church on a certain evening each month and spends from one to three hours together after dinner in the discussion of topics of current interest and in listening to an address by some guest of prominence. The membership represents the church and congregation, no effort being made to draw into the Club those who attend another church. The membership committee is constantly watching the congregation to see that every man who appears there is invited to join the Men's Club. In that way the newcomer's acquaintance with the man part of the church is promoted at once and he becomes pleasantly attached. Strenuous effort is put forth to make the programs of the Club interesting and to rule out subjects or discussions which might be of a partisan character and prove divisive. The Club is officered by the men themselves and not by the pastor, one committee superintending dinner matters with the aid of the Woman's League, another looking after the invitation and introduction of new men, a third concerned constantly with the program and a fourth reporting current events for each meeting. Expenses are borne by a tax of ten dollars a year, which pays everything, including the dinners. Some clubs charge a fixed fee, as thirty-five or fifty cents, for the dinner each night. Others dispense with the dinner and meet socially in the church for an evening. The affairs of the Church are brought before the Club through the Outlook Committee whenever they need exploitation before the men. The monthly meeting of the Men's Club offers the pastor one of his finest opportunities for pastoral work through enlarging his acquaintance and keeping in touch with his growing body of men.

The Men's Bible Class is another feature which helps to engage and develop men in the church. Experience has shown that this Class can best be held in connection with the Sunday School hour, but in an entirely separate room and with an organization independent of the Sunday School, though making its reports and being affiliated therewith. The leader of the Men's Bible Class is the secret of all its success, but to have men in the congregation and to meet them socially at the Men's Club helps the recruiting for the Men's Bible Class. If this Class be willing to do some real work, no course of study can be found better than Prof. Bosworth's different volumes on "The Life of Jesus," "The Teaching of Jesus" and "The Book of Acts." One of the most interesting features of the long life and work of Dr. Alexander Whyte of Edinburgh has been a large Young Men's Class which he has maintained for many years. This class meets after the evening service, which is always held early in Scotland, and such subjects are considered as a study of the great authors, going into their works and spending an entire winter upon the interpretation of such a man as William Law or John Bunyan. The personality of Dr. Whyte is unique, and he has a colleague with whom to divide his pulpit work. But through this class work, he has reached and put his mark upon more young men than any other living preacher of Scotland today.

If a pastor can use his own home for gatherings of the young men of his congregation, bringing them closer to him and giving him an opportunity to discuss some work in which he wishes to engage them in the church, or to introduce them to some distinguished man who is passing through, this will produce good results. Such a group in a church, well knit together and loyal to a minister, may be of untold service. They welcome hints of ways to serve and they gladly put themselves at their pastor's disposal wherever he feels that the work needs the help of their enthusiasm and energy. When the various secretaries and missionaries engaged in the Together Campaign were in Seattle we had such an evening together in which they opened their hearts to the young men regarding the call to the ministry, and spoke freely of the motives which had worked upon them. The entire group were deeply impressed. A watchful minister can find many opportunities by which such service to his young men can be rendered.

But one of the greatest satisfactions to any minister must be to see the business affairs of the church conducted in business fashion, to see men of real business and executive ability looking after all the details of the church property and the running expenses of the institution, to feel that they take pride in the church and that they will see its bills paid when due and will never allow its credit to sink below par. Such a result is bound to follow an adequate cutivation of the man element in the church, the wise choice of church officials from this group so gathered and

the absolute leaving of church business to their management. Congregational churches naturally should have a large proportion of influential men in the community, and one need but to look about him where Congregationalism is well represented to see that this is true. The intelligent, and at the same time devoted, atmosphere of Congregational churches at their best will develop such men as the community naturally turns to for positions of trust in the management of school affairs, of political affairs and of all kinds of public business.

The Men's Club of any church is easily adapted to the peculiar conditions of any given community. It may be represented in the local church by a chapter of the Congregational Brotherhood, or it may itself be a division of the Brotherhood. A federation of all these Clubs or Brotherhoods within the bounds of a given city naturally make the City Brotherhood, and the promotion of the solidarity of the entire body of men affiliated with the city group of Congregational churches will be of great value in the denominational work locally, and in the effort to promote intelligent acquaintance and enthusiastic co-operation in the broader affairs of the denomination.

Ministers ought to go after the men far more than they do, and there is probably no part of their work which yields greater satisfaction to themselves or to the loyal women whose greatest pleasure is in the sight of their husbands and sons drawn into the fellowship of the church.

SHIFTING THE VIEWPOINT.

W. N. Burr.

A woman came to me not long ago and asked to be received to membership in the church at the next communion. Said she: "I have lived here for almost twenty years. I was a member of a church in my old home town in the East. There was no church here when we came, but my husband and I took hold of the little Sunday-school and did the best we could to give the children religious instruction. I was the superintendent, and my husband played the organ, and led the singing. We did that work for four years. Occasionally a minister would come and give us a preaching service. About thirteen years ago the church was organized. My husband and I have been closely identified with its work from the beginning, in one way and another. He has been the church organist during all these years. But we have never united with this church. My husband was a church member in his earlier life, but during these later years he has felt that he is not good enough to be a church-member, and he does not want to be hypocritical. He has very high ideals of church membership. I have been waiting for him. It has seemed to me that I could never stand up and unite with this church without my husband beside me. But I have never, until very recently, realized that church membership is one means of witnessing for Christ. I have never once thought, when the members of the church have been asked to stand to receive and welcome new members that that is one way of witnessing for Christ, and that by keeping my seat my silent testimony would be, to a stranger, that I do not love the Master enough to confess Him before men as a member of the institution that stands for Him and for His kingdom. If I had once thought of this matter in that way, I would have been a member of this church long ago; for I have wanted to be a witness for the Master in every possible way. Now I am ready to unite with the church at the next communion if the church will receive me."

One week later the usual prayer-meeting attendants were somewhat surprised to see the husband of this woman coming into the little prayer-meeting room with his wife. He had been faithful at the organ for years on Sunday, but it was a new thing for him to be coming to the midweek service. In the course of the evening he arose and told us something of the story of his life—of his early years, his conversion, why he had allowed his church membership to lapse, etc., and closed by asking the church to receive him to membership at the next communion.

When next the communion table was spread this man and his wife stood together beside it, and entered into covenant relations with the church, and received the right hand of fellowship, the man having first faced the congregation and confessed before old neighbors and friends that he had been making the mistake of trying to live a clean moral life among them without acknowledging allegiance to Jesus Christ his Saviour. "I have had my eyes too much on my own life, not enough on Him who gave His life for me. I owe Him everything, and one way by which I want to take an open stand for Him is by publicly uniting myself with the organization that stands for Him, as does no other." This was the drift of his confession.

We sometimes meet men and women who rather boastfully declare that they have "no interest in missions, especially foreign missions," as if they were superior to anything of that sort; and, alas! such men and women are not all outside the church. And sometimes they will begin to draw pictures of degraded Chinamen and South Sea Islanders, and say: "What is the use of throwing away money and ability on such people as that—nothing can be accomplished among such people. We have the poor and needy here at home, and we'd better be taking care of them instead of throwing our money into the hopeless business of trying to make decent people of cannibals." What is the matter with people who talk of the work of Christian missions after that manner?

The woman who worked for thirteen years with a church that she refused to join saw her opportunity and privilege in a very different light when she was helped to focus her sight on the Master and her personal relationship to Him as a witness. The man who had been trying to live a clean moral life and who had "high ideals of church membership," and who felt that with all his morality he was "not good enough to be a church member," and who "didn't want to be a hypocrite," saw the whole matter in a very different light when he stopped looking directly at himself, and fixed his eyes on Jesus Christ, his Saviour. And people who are all out of sympathy with Christian missionary work, at home or abroad, are making the mistake of looking only at degraded humanity in the South Seas, or at their own pocket-books. Such people need to shift their viewpoint. When one will turn to the Lord Christ, and take Him by the hand, and look frankly and honestly into His face, and ask: "Lord, what wilt **Thou** have me to do concerning this home and foreign missionary work—shall I oppose it, or regard it with indifference, not paying much, if any, attention to it? or, shall

I go into it with enthusiasm, study it, pray for it work for it improve every opportunity to inform myself about it, and help with pennies or dollars as they may come to my hands to pay for it?"—when one will do that, will he hear the Master honoring opposition or indifference to this work? Will the Master be answering him that Chinamen and Turks and Dagoes and South Sea Islanders are not worth the effort that is being made to save them?

Peter had an idea once that the gospel was only for the Jews—that he had no mission to the Gentile world; and God taught Peter a lesson along that line that he never forgot. He sent him to the housetop, and pressed a vision before his eyes—a vision of things that Peter considered unclean; and God made Peter to see those "unclean things" from **His** viewpoint. And four days later, before a Gentile centurian who was "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house; who gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always," though he was a Gentile—before that Gentile centurian Peter had to acknowledge that "God is no respecter of persons, but in **every nation** he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

"As we open the New Testament literature," says Dr. John Henry Barrows, "we find that the idea of a world-wide conquest lies at the foundation of the Christian religion." Isn't that true? Is it possible for one to be true to the genius of the gospel and at the same time be all out of sympathy with the work that "lies at the very foundation of the Christian religion,"

When men and women are willing to take their orders directly from Jesus Christ, they see a great many things in a very different light from that which falls from the uncertain lamps of human reasoning.

La Canada, Calif., January 19, 1910.

WHEN THE WINDOWS ARE DARKENED.

By Emma Younglove.

First Picture.

She was a wee baby. Her coming into the world was anticipated with tender love. She received the poyous welcome of the first-born. The glad word was flashed to distant friends, "Mother and child doing well,' and a host of relatives and family friends were made happy.

Before many days a shadow crept over the rejoicing, at first faint, then increasingly dark, the shadow of a great fear for the baby's sight. Day after day passed. Bandages kept the painful light from her eyes, but treatment, though administered by loving hands, caused the little one suffering. Her tiny body was very weak. She was called "a good baby," for she slept most of the time. At length the inflamation subsided and the bandages were removed. The baby eyes opened, but they no longer beheld the lovely light. Gay toys could not entertain her. Her father's hands stretched to her failed to allure. She did not see her mother's face bent above her cradle. She was totally blind. Many said, "What a mercy if she should die!" But if love is the greatest thing in the world she is a rich baby, for all the anxiety and suspense and suffering in the hearts of her father and mother has been transmuted into love.

Second Picture.

She had been ecstatically happy in the beauty which reaches the soul through the eye. The shading on a blue jay's plumage, the poise of a humming-bird over a honeysuckle, the outline of a thrush alighted upon a brush pile. had been intensified by training. She had studied under masters, and had admired the best paintings in Paris and Florence and Rome. She had been a creative artist and her brush had given pleasure alike to partial friend and critical stranger.

She met a man who became more than all the world to her. The ambitions of an artist's life were given up, and its joys became secondary. Her new home was her kingdom, social duties, club interests, and church activities engrossed her thoughts.

At times she suffered from her eyes, a result of too close application to her painting in earlier years. Then she learned the horrors of a darkened room which seemed throbbing with intense pain and quivering nerves. Fear of permanent blindness added the deepest pang. She began putting her house in order for the coming night. Occasionally she studied the photograph of a friend, striving to make an indelible image upon her brain. She learned to fashion dainty trifles without looking at her work, and that darkened room saw the preparation of many a Christmas gift. Then came a period of agony so great that it seemed her woman's strength might not suffice. She made ready for the Death Angel, but after lingering near for months, he took flight leaving her to her friends. But her precious sight was gone.

She always speaks as though seeing; and beauty in her surroundings remains significant. She continues to care for the plants she has loved, and replaces with solicitude any that die or meet with disaster. She has learned to use the typewriter and so retains free communication with distant friends. She can do many kinds of needle work. Would she make a silk portiere? Her mother cuts the silken strands. Does she attempt a bead purse? Her husband sorts the beads for her. All her walks are shared by dear ones. So there are growing up in the family new relations of dependence and helpfulness, and love is becoming more and more tender.

Third Picture.

She was drawing near to her ninety-third birthday. Her life had been full of interests, rich and joyous. She had made friends of all her acquaintances throughout her long life, and even in extreme age she never forgot any one whom she had known. Her garden had been filled with old-fashioned flowers. She had smelled them and fondled them. She had picked them with short stems, and set vases of little gay-colored bouquets on the mantelshelf. Pictures had entertained her. Reading had occupied her for hours daily. Her eyes had never been wholly dependent upon glasses, but had always been able unaided to take in the contents of a newspaper paragraph. Old age had dealt gently with her. Her step was still quick, her ear alert, her speech entertaining. When the ordinary employments and activities of life were left behind, she had been wont to take from their boxes and drawers the gifts which had been showered upon her and arrange and rearrange them on the bed, nodding and smiling and thinking sweet thoughts as inscrutable as those of a little child.

Then those eyes which had been so wonderful failed rapidly. She could no longer distinguish intimate friends

who called to see her; and strangers who were presented, failing to make a distinct impression on the dim vision, never acquired identity in her thought. Flowers were only obscure patches of color, and lost all their charm: She did not care to handle them nor inhale their fragrance. Those which were brought her by friends had no significance except for the moment as a pleasing attention. While she could, she liked to follow the outlines of pictures with her finger as she had traced those in a transparent slate almost a century before.

In a short time sight was reduced to such a distinction between light and darkness as enabled her to locate the window or open door. Then she sat with those busy hands folded, indicating the restless activity of her nature only by some little incessant motion. The brain, largely deprived of external excitement, became less active. Always easily confused in the dark, she often lost herself in her own room after her sight was gone, and groped long before she could find a familiar object.

Her mind was diverted with imaginings. Quaint dream children became her companions. She whispered to them confidentially and offered them portions from her cup and plate. In fancy she visited unfamiliar places and these she associated with experiences of her early life.

She drew, too, upon deep stores of refreshing memory and repeated scores of hymns and other poems learned in youth, and Bible verses by the hundred. Before her darkened vision eternal things became more distinct, and the heavenly home more alluring. When earthly friends faded from her sight, the Divine Friend seemed to draw nearer. And so she eagerly awaited His summons to join the holy angels "around the throne of God in heaven."

CHRISITIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

Rev. Arthur B. Patten.

The Model Christian Endeavorer.

Lesson for January 30—John 15:1-8.

A model is an example, a standard. The model Christion Endeavorer will live an exemplary life everywhere and will do his utmost to make his personality stand for the highest values. The first demand of Endeavor Day and of all days is for clean, straight, hale, hearty, well-met boys, and for bright, wholesome thoughtful girls. God give us such young men and women to whom moral duty is a passion and the good life a romance.

Our model is to be endeavorers,—doers of the world's work. No passive piety will suffer for the blood of youth. The moral crusade and the spiritual adventure are our standards. To do things for Christ and the Chruch and the Kingdom, this is our quest. The devotional life is to become the devoted life,—the life committed with prayer and worship to the conquest of character and to the campaigns of good-will. The model endeavorer will be devoted to the person of the Christ who demands that we follow him in bringing things to pass; he will be devoted to the Church whose commission it is so to inspire and train men at her altars that they will be worth while in the open to do a citizen's work with the Christian spirit and the Christian expectation.

The model endeavorer will have a model conscience which will bind him to his pledge as to a vow registered in heaven. The keeping of the pledge must become both a duty and an enthusiasm. While the routine of the pledge is to be so devotedly pursued as to become second nature, the spirit of the pledge is to be an everlasting freshness and freedom in the life.

In the fight against irreverence, frivolity and godlessness in the modern world, the model endeavorer will fortify and furnish with scripture and prayer. Believing that the Bible contains "more intellectual stimulus, more moral energy, and more spiritual power than all other books combined," he will be a devout and eager student of the Word. But he will also believe in the gospel of the Holy Ghost, and will pray himself into the atmosphere of faith and vision. Prayer will be to him both uplook and outlook, and it will also be the inbreathing of power. He will pray because it is a demand of the deeper life, and because without prayer, men everywhere faint. As he wants to be strong and virile, he will commune with the God of his life. He will take time to be holy and to reinforce himself for that practical holiness which is everyday honor and fidelity. And as he prays for himself, so he will pray for others, especially for those into whose lives he is to enter with the goodness and cheer that help answer prayer.

The model Christian endeavorer will be a lover of religious meetings and a creator of good ones. He will be present with preparedness of heart and with preparation of thought. He will come with something to offer,—first of all, himself with both humility and boldness; and then his word of life with simplicity and confidence. The true endeavorer will be a churchman, a church woman, devoted not only to a single service for a class, but identified with the whole spirit and ministry of the church life, in preparation and consecration for the great life of the world. In the congregation and on committees, he is to be a part of the godly fellowship and a partaker of the sacrament of efficient service. While he belongs to a class, he will not make his class a set or a clique in the church, but will train himself and his class generously for Christ and the Kingdom.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Pescadero, San Mateo Co.—Special meetings with stirring addresses were held in December, Rev. J. B. Orr speaking on four or five days. Interest is being shown in several ways—the reorganizing of the Christian Endeavor Society, efforts to organize clubs for children and for young men, and the starting of neighborhood prayer meetings.

Ferndale, Humboldt Co.—Work among the young people is an important feature of church activity at the present time. The Sunday-school is being fed from this source. A young woman's band is in process of organization. Falk, another of our Humboldt churches, has been much encouraged by a number of conversions, resulting from special meetings conducted by the pastor during a period of three weeks. Rev. C. F. Haerle is pastor at Falk, Field's Landing and Loleta.

Paradise, Butte County.—The new church building, dedicated November 7th, has given new life to the church in every way. The Sunday-school has doubled and church attendance, although interfered with by storms of rain and snow, has improved. The annual meeting, recently held, was largely attended and the missioinary budget as proposed by the Conference Committee was adopted. The church building is in great need of more furniture. Rev. L. W. Winslow is pastor.

San Francisco, Park.—Five persons were received into membership last Sunday. The largest number attended communion in the history of the church, the cups having to be refilled during the ceremony. The yearly meeting was held the 10th inst. Current expenses had been met and a small balance remained in the treasury. Sixteen persons had been received during the year. Attendance had increased each quarter over the preceding quarter. The outlook for 1910 is hopeful,—with large faith and hard work.

Eureka.—The Good Government League, of which several pastors are members and the pastor of the Congregational Church president, is actively engaged in behalf of enforcement of the ordinance requiring the closing of saloons at midnight. It is their contention that the law is being flagrantly violated, the mayor abetting the violation, having been cognizant, while himself standing at the bar after midnight, of the unlawful sale of liquor without protest on his part either at the time or subsequently. The League had two of its officers visit the saloon on that occasion who witnessed the unlawful sale in the presence of the mayor. Subsequently, the League addressed a letter to Mayor Lambert, asking him to resign. A strong fight seems to be on between the League and the friends of the saloon.

Escondido, California.—The annual meeting and dinner was held January 1st. All reports showed growth in the activities of the church. The Ladies' Aid Society reported $215 raised this year. The Woman's Missionary Union have donated their pledge. The Apportionment Plan was adopted early in the year. Eleven hundred dollars has been given to Foreign Missions, including some private gifts. The Christian Endeavor is doing good work. Twelve were admitted to membership on confession, and nine by letter, making a total of twenty-one. A plant for lighting the church has been installed. Money has been pledged to build a home for the pastor, to be known as "The Manse." The pastor has organized a club from his Sunday-school class to be called "The Fortnightly Fellows." They will study forestry, irrigation and current topics.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—The church held its annual meeting and dinner Monday evening, January 10th The ladies of the church served the dinner, of which about 90 members and friends partook. After members present responded to their names at roll call, reports were given by the deacons, clerk, treasurer and Ladies' Aid Society, which were all very encouraging and showed that last year's work was not without success. The reports were interspersed with musical selections which were enjoyed very much. The pastor, in speaking of the work, reported several accessions to the church, most of which were on confession of faith. Mr. Rathbon was present and spoke a few words of good cheer to the delight of all. The church has undertaken to raise "a mile of pennies" by the first of July to pay off the debt to the church building society. The church starts the year with good cheer, all having a mind to work.

Eagle Rock.—Fourteen new members received at January communion, all adults—a splendid addition to the working force of this little church. We are in the midst of a campaign for a new church building. Have bought a fine corner lot 100x150 feet and plans have just been completed by Mr. Lester S. Moore, architect, a member of the Los Angeles Congregational Union, for a church building to cost, exclusive of furnishings, seven thousand dollars. The announcement of the acquisition of a tract of nearly ninety acres by Occidental College, for the seat of the new Greater Occidental in Eagle Rock, just made, has cheered this church and community, and increased the strategic importance of this field. The plans for Occidental contemplate the erection of nine fine college buildings and an athletic field patterned after the famous "Franklin Field" of the University of Pennsylvania. It is planned to begin work on the new church early in February. Rev. A. W. Hare is pastor.

Santa Ana.—The reports of the annual meeting showed a year of vigorous work. Forty-five accessions to church membership were reported; seventeen on confession of faith. It was found that all running expenses had been met, with $200 on the right side of the ledger, although the pastor's salary had been doubled over that of the previous year. Benevolences were increased from $343 to $814. The Ladies' Missionary Society is large and active. The Ladies' Aid and Amphiom Circle reported neat sums of money for the new church and pipe organ. A Brotherhood has been organized and is planning aggressive work. The Young People's Society has increased in membership. A new church building costing over $25,000 is in process of erection and will soon be ready for dedication. Mr. William H. Lewis, President of the Congregational Brotherhood of America, occupied the pulpit January 9th, and met the men of the church at the close of the service. He brought a stirring message to business men.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—The regular annual meeting of Mayflower Congregational Church was held on Thursday evening, December 30th, last. In spite of the fact that the church had been pastorless for more than eight months the reports submitted were most ecnouraging. The Sunday-school showed an average attendance of 116 with a total enrollment in the main school and Home Department of 220, and its offerings for all objects aggregated $460.94. Over 90 per cent of the resident membership of the church are enrolled either in the main school or in the Home Department. The school has undertaken to raise $100.00 for the cost of a room in the hospital now being built by Dr. Atkinson at Harpoot, Turkey, to be called the J. H. Godell Memorial Room. It has already raised $67.02 for that purpose and after the hospital is built may contribute further towards the support of a patient. Total receipts of all departments of the church for the year were $7516.14. The purchase price of $3000 of the handsome pipe organ dedicated in June last was reported paid in full. Amount contributed through the church for missionary work $395.65. Dr. H. M. Hoyt was elected deacon, to succeed Deacon J. S. Harris, deceased.

and Maud B. McCormick was chosen Church Clerk. On the evening of the 12th inst. a reception was tendered to the new pastor, Rev. George E. Peebles, D. D., and family of Naperville, Ill., at which over 300 were present. In addition to the addresses of welcome from representatives of the various departments of the church, all the Protestant pastors of the Monterey Peninsula were present and extended hearty words of greeting to which both Dr. and Mrs. Peebles responded most appropriately. The Mayflower orchestra, under the leadership of Miss Madeline M. Fridley, contributed very materially to the evening's enjoyment and there was a general expression of delight and satisfaction on the part of all present.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NOTES.

By Traveler.

The regular monthly Fellowship Meeting was held on the 17th in the church in Garvanza. This is one of our new churches and is largely the result of the energy and untiring labors of Rev. D. D. Hill, who organized the church and planned and built the house. Rev. N. L. Rowell has entered upon the third year of his work in this church and it is prospering under his administration. The building will seat about three hundred people; it is a neat structure with timbered ceilings, stained glass windows and seated with chairs. Rev. J. H. Schaefle presided and the afternoon was spent as an informal experience meeting, the pastors telling of the work of their churches, and reviewing the favorable and unfavorable experiences, and everywhere an optimistic note was sounded and that progress and prosperity was common among us. The ladies of the church provided a bountiful supper; the men came from their business and others from the homes and filled the house with a merry, social company that demonstrated that fellowship is a reality in Garavanza Church. Dr. Wm. Horace Day read a paper in the evening followed by a general discussion.

Redondo.—Rev. W. H. Hardy is doing a good work even among the usual drawbacks of a resort town which is well supplied with saloons. It is almost like preaching to a procession, as the people come and go with the seasons, it being almost impossible to build up a permanent membership. A class of young men in the Sunday-school are building an addition to the church for a class room and are earning the money to pay for it. The church is increasing in membership, in the amount of their benevolences, and they are to increase the pastor's salary. They gave the Superintendent of Benevolences a cordial reception and the Apportionment Plan a unanimous adoption.

Whittier has secured $15,000 toward her new church and will now go on with the work of building. Plans were secured some time ago but illness of the pastor and the financial situation caused a delay, but now the time seems to have come when the money can be had not only for the new church but also for the new amount under the Apportionment Plan. At a joint meeting of the Executive Committee of the Conference and the Missionary Committee of the Brotherhood it was decided that the Educational Missionary Campaign which was planned for this month by the Superintendent of Benevolences should give way to the work of the Laymen's Missionary Movement in order that the financial campaign for $100,000 might begin at once. This work is in charge of a committee of leading business men with Rev. George Irving of Claremont as chairman, and the very character of the committee gives promise of the accomplishment of great things. The result will be watched with great interest as it is not only a new but a unique thing for the men of the churches to inaugurate such a work without the leadership of the pastors, but the indications now are that every pastor and lover of missions is going to do all in his or her power to help the men to make good. The Educational Missionary Campaign will immediately follow the Convention of the Laymen's Movement which is to be held in Los Angeles.

The two churches in Long Beach are having their semi-annual agitation over the question of uniting. The First Church are as usual taking the initiative, with Plymouth very much divided over the proposition, many of them feeling that the question is being forced upon them from time to time, and that a union is not desirable at present.

With two vigorous campaigns in Southern California, one in February for the money, and one in March for enthusiasm and uplift, then a Laymen's Convention and the annual Conference in May, every Congregationalist, at least, will be obliged to admit that there is something doing in the Congregational camp.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. E. C. Oakley, who has been the pastor of the Oregon City Congregational Church for the past four years,, tendered his resignation on January 18th, to take effect at once. It is not known what his future movements will be, but it is expected that he will go to California soon. Mr. Oakley is a genial Christian gentleman and an excellent preacher. It is understood that the cause of his resignation is that the church was not willing to pay the salary that Mr. Oakley desired.

The churches at Hubbard and Elliott Prairie have engaged Rev. E. C. Butler for a second year. In addition to his former preaching points he takes up work at the "Bethel" Church, near Woodburn, which has had an addition of twenty new members recently. The Hubbard Church has installed a fine new organ recently.

Rev. A. E. Bradstreet, who became pastor of the Ione and Lexington churches last spring, is greatly encouraged by the interest manifested in both places. Besides, his health is greatly improved, as well as that of Mrs. Bradstreet.

The church at Condon is without a pastor now, Rev. T. A. Winey, who accepted a call to the church about a year ago, having resigned early this month.

Mr. Harvey White, a student at Whitman College, Walla Walla, conducts services at Ingle Chapel at the present time. The Week of Prayer was observed and three persons united with the church.

Another Whitman student named Mr. Kitts conducts services at Freewater in a most acceptable manner. The attendance is constantly increasing, and as a result the mat-

ter of enlarging the house of worship is being seriously considered.

The annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held last Wednesday evening. The old Board of Directors—David Pattulo, Maurice Walton, W. A. Goss, Dr. J. L. Hewitt, F. McKercher, James F. Failing, and William M. Ladd—were re-elected.

The plant of the Association as it now stands is valued at $557,830.25, against which there is a debt of $154,-051.25. The rents from the dormitory rooms meet the interest on the building debt.

"Business Altruism," was the theme of the social hour. "We teach men to work, not for greed, but to contribute towards progress, to help the other man, to serve an altruistic purpose," said General Secretary Stone.

Mr. Herman Wittenberg, a well-known business man, said that the Y. M. C. A. was "a manhood factory, making effective men, and that it furnishes the greatest opportunity for the supply of efficient young men who can be relied upon."

A few sentences from the report of C. N. Wenacott, Assistant Secretary, are quoted: "We are thoroughly organized for practical work following a truly altruistic ideal. We have enrolled as students 1468 young men. We lose no effort to bring them in contact with our religious and social privileges. Every young man who comes to Portland as a stranger receives at least fourteen invitations to come to our rooms and be at home and get acquainted. If a man comes from England, his name and destination is learned by our representative at Ellis Island, and we have a welcome awaiting him when he arrives in Portland."

An enrollment of 545 in the boys' department, and of 239 in Bible classes was shown. Report from the dining hall showed that 11,697 meals were served in December.

Stereopticon views showed class work; and after each illustration classes showed by practical demonstration how it was done—altogether totalling more than one hundred lines of work—illustrating by picture and action what words would not describe.

Henry J. McCoy, A. S. Allen, C. F. Easter, General Secretaries of San Francisco, Seattle, and Boise, respectively, were present and added interest to the occasion by their helpful remarks.

Portland, January 21, 1910.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

A faithful band of W. H. M. U. ladies gathered from all the Bay cities in Green Street Church, San Francisco, for their quarterly meeting on January 20, 1910. It seemed good to have this first meeting of the year on a day without rain.

For the opening exercise the President followed briefly a program to be used on February 24th, at an all-day union service of prayer, one of special subjects of prayer being the lonely workers in the isolated places. Let those remember this and join their prayer with the rest, for the slaves of evil in the cities: thus shall all be praying together for others' need.

While the nearer auxiliaries were well represented, the distant ones were more generally reported, each and all having entered upon the new year with renewed purpose and effort. The treasurer reported that the New Year Blotters had brought in nearly one-fourth the amount they asked for, and the Japanese Home needs but five dollars per month more to insure its rent, and forty dollars toward the furnishing. If 100 women will each send in one dollar marked "last bills," both will be assured and the work immediately started.

The Cradle Roll Superintendent scattered, one a day, a few of her leaflets beyond the borders of our own state, and has had the joy of hearing that, as a consequence, the State of Illinois is taking up the work with enthusiasm. The outlook among our own churches is brighter also than for the last few years. Let the young mothers take this as their home work for Him who said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me," and great will be the results for His kingdom.

Again were we reminded of you who could not be present, and of your harder, because isolated, fields, by having with us a lady from one such place above Sacramento, Mrs. J. M. B. Brough. She knew, therefore, whereof she spoke, which makes possible your following out her suggestions for making missionary meetings such as will impel even the indifferent to come in. She said in part:

"Make sure that the room where you meet is warm, cosy, attractive; having maps and pictures bearing upon the subject to be considered wherever possible.

"Arouse as much interest as you can in advance by means of friendly calls, followed by cordial greeting for those who attend.

"Choose for your president a woman of consecration: one having intelligence, love and enthusiasm for the Lord's work in the world at large.

"Let some one work with her in preparing a program for the entire year. This gives dignity, and opportunity for advance study. It enables "shut-ins" and others to send in clippings relating to the subject to be studied and to missionary work in general, which there should be a person appointed to receive, date, classify, and use at the right time. To be on the watch for fresh items from the various mission fields keeps the work uppermost in the mind of even the busiest member, and encourages her to feel that she can thus be of some service. A few moments at each meeting given to fresh news from other fields, varies pleasantly the continuous study of one field in particular."

While "Mission Study" classes, or the study of some one book by all the members, is of great value, it was suggested that the regular meetings be planned for the benefit of those busy ones who have to come tired, if at all, and to whom a live, enthusiastic meeting with information given in an interesting way will prove a refreshment of mind and body, as well as a help to rise above the sordid but necessary things of existence, and keep the soul,—the life—"in touch with the Infinite"; the water of life flowing freely within, satisfying all thirst. Thus fed, the meeting will not lack attendance, nor the interest wane.

How may this high ideal be realized?

Let the Scripture selected be brief, varied, and full of the promises of the Father that His word shall be fulfilled

Have the music appropriate. By the aid of books, such as "English Hymns: Their Authors and History," by S. W. Duffield; published by Frank Wagnalls & Co., New York (price $3.00), and "Story of the Hymns," by Hezekiah But-

terworth, published by the American Tract Society, New York (Price $1.75). Some interesting fact can be introduced at each meeting relating to a hymn sung. This part of the preparation might be put into the hands of a "shut-in," thus enriching her own life as well. Have frequent prayers for special objects.

The programs having been sent to every lady in the church the subject will be known. When large, like the study of a country, as Africa, or of the work of one of the homeland societies, as the American Missionary Association, it may well be divided into several portions, one for each meeting. Thus Africa might be studied for six months and the work of the Home Missionary Society the other half of a year.

Using Africa as an illustration, Mrs. Brough suggested that, with at least one month for preparation, a member may be asked to make for the first meeting an imaginary tour through Africa, bringing her own map and illustrations of conditions, natural, moral, spiritual, in the various parts of the country. These can be learned from geography encyclopedia, books of travel and missionary literature. With a good speaker to present and illustrate the subject, the audience will return for the next meeting, when the topic might be the early history and lives of some who were prominently connected with the development of the country, as Livingston and Stanley. Biographical sketches of missionaries may be obtained from No. 250 La Salle Ave., Chicago, for 15 cents (paper), and 30 cents cloth bindings. Mrs. O'Brien will soon have their catalogue from which to select. Brief papers from these also can be prepared by an invalid or any one having leasure for reading, and put into the hands of a good reader to present. Study and cultivate the various talents in your congregation. Some may write well while others can read more easily.

For the third meeting some special work, as that being done by our own denomination may be presented; material to be obtained, with letters and photographs, from missionary headquarters.

The topic for the fourth meeting might be, results, or conditions today compared with former years. Present needs, encouraging and discouraging features of the work. One of the former in Africa being the work of native leaders, who either came to America for preparation, or were born here, in slavery perhaps, educated in our A. M. A schools, and are now doing good work there as missionary leaders.

A fifth meeting was planned for review and clinching of important facts, by questions previously prepared, covering the four previous lessons.

Practical lessons, with the need of self-denial in order to advance the work, should be frequently impressed at all meetings by the leader of the Society.

A similar course of study may be arranged with "Ellis Island" for the subject. Meet there the immigrants of many nationalities. Let some members dress in the national costumes of Swedes, Italians, Russians, Germans. See the newcomers safely through the various examinations they are obliged to undergo, and started westward or to whatever may be their destination. Select some special characters and follow them up, such as Jacob Reis, in "The Mak ing of an American." Use Professor Steiner's "The Mediator" for another, and his "On the Trail of the Immigrant," and "The Immigrant Tide: Its Ebb and Flow" for others, going with them back to the homeland and learning how "a little leaven leavens the whole lump."

The American Missionary Association work alone could more than fill a year of study. The last speaker of the day was Rev. G. H. Hinman, the recently appointed Field Secretary of the A. M. A. for the Pacific Coast. Heretofore there has been but the Superintendent of the Oriental work in our midst. Mr. Hinman represents the entire work of the Association. If you can secure him to present the work as a whole, you will be well prepared to take up the study of their work in its eight or more divisions, for which Mrs. O'Brien will secure ample material, with illustrations, if advised in time of what you need.

Mrs. Brough advised preparing large charts, with large, plain lettering for each subject studied, and leaving them hung upon your prayer meeting room walls. They act as silent missionaries, impressing minds in unexpected and helpful ways; sometimes calling forth requests for further information and increasing missionary contributions.

She also has what she calls her "mail bag," through which go out, time by time, such notes as:

"Dear Madam,—Do you know that one dollar will do so and so? Will you help?

"Missionary."

Some item of special importance may in this manner be announced to every one in attendance upon a regular meeting, or something requiring careful consideration be sent by mail to each lady in the church, asking that her opinion, sympathy and financial help be given at the next meeting. While giving full importance to financial help, this wise lady remarked, "Empty hearts are more dangerous than an empty treasury."

Mrs. Frances Lee Williams once said, "Ideas will come to you as you work." Mrs. Brough fastens her new ideas by means of slips of paper to her kitchen or sewing room wall, so that they shall not escape through her busy hours till she has time to make use of them. We are not surprised that she asks for the inspiration of God's Spirit and receives it, as her final word to us was: "For Christ's sake we **must** become workmen that need not be ashamed."

We were indebted through the day for music by Green Street friends, and to Miss Jean McDougall, recently come to us from Vancouver, as well as for generous entertainment by our hostesses.

The Annual Report is now ready for distribution.

L. E. Agard.

OUR LIVES ARE SONGS.

Our lives are songs;
God writes the words,
And we set them to music at leisure:
And the song is sad
Or the song is glad
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the song.
Whatever the words,
Whatever its rhyme or meter:
And if it is sad,
We must make it glad;
And if sweet, we must make it sweeter.

—**Round Table.**

Lincoln Memorial Sunday

FEBRUARY 13, 1910

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION, GREETING!

To all the Congregational Sunday Schools of our Country:

The lessons of Christian Patriotism and the responsibilities of citizenship are appropriately called to the attention of the children and youth of our country in this

Sixty thousand loyal members of our Sunday Schools observed this service last year. Will not the entire membership of our schools join in solid phalanx this year for this great patriotic service and add their gifts to the American Missionary Association to complete the work of Christian education and uplift made possible by the life and work of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN?

Send to Pacific District Office, A. M. A., 21 Brenham Place, San Francisco, for Concert Exercises and collection envelopes for use on

LINCOLN MEMORIAL SUNDAY

Make checks payable to H. W. Hubbard, Treasurer,

287 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Rev. Geo. W. Hinman, Sec'y, Oriental Mission Bldg., 21 Brenham Place, San Francisco, Cal.

THE HOME

CULTIVATING IN CHILDREN A LOVE FOR READING.

Most earnest parents are agreed in a desire that their children shall love books and reading, and many are very careful what they shall place on the nursery book shelves. This, however, seems analogous to the gathering of the crude materials from which a house is to be builded. Very few attempt to teach their children how to read so as to more than skim the stories as rapidly as possible. The same distressing haste fastens itself upon the child as upon his parent, the greatest lives in the world, and the merriest little tale written only to win a laugh, are rushed through with amazing haste.

A judicious mother, reading to her children with the intent not alone to keep them quiet and out of mischief, but to use this potent means of teaching her boys and girls to think and judge for themselves, can do extraordinary things by her method of reading, and yet wholly conceal that she is trying to do anything beyond spending a happy and amusing hour with them.

I knew a mother—to me a perfect type—who, while reading in her beautiful modulated tone, and throwing the keenest interest into her manner, would stop at the approach of a climax in the story and ask with all the eagerness possible: "What do you think he will do now? What would you do if you were in his place? Would you have the courage to tell the truth, after you had made such a mistake?"

The point of view was instantly altered. It was no longer what would happen to the hero, which was the chief point of interest and suspense; it was whether he would do right. I have seen tears of sympathy in a boy's eyes when his favorite Tom or John was struggling to conquer a temptation to deceive, and failed to win his victory. "Poor fellow," the mother's voice would say, in a grieved tone. "He will fight it out later on and confess his fault, but it will be so much harder for him then."

The gradual result of her methods was the formation of a family of thinking readers, eager for discussion of character and motives in both history and fiction—the book then in hand was not a thing glanced at and thrown down, but was the staple topic of conversation, and often of heated argument, on the playground or around the children's table.

The critical element was largely developed in their bright minds, and the various characters in their storybooks were very real to them, and served as models or examples, without the slightest suggestion of such application on the part of their mother or even from any conscious mental process of their own. The little groups gathered in the quiet library in winter twilights, or listening to the stillness of summer afternoons under the shadow of a great horse-chestnut in the old garden of the country home, were always the same absorbed small audience. The book was chosen carefully, the time was their time, studiously chosen to avoid interruption, and the reader—ah, what would some of the remnant of that little gathering give to hear again that musical voice and see the expression of those tender eyes, as, foreboding evil for the hero, she would close the book a moment to say, as if to some living person, "Children, I am afraid he is going to tell a lie to save himself from punishment."

I should inevitably be supposed to exaggerate if I were to speak as strongly as I feel as to the influence of this dramatic approbation or anxiety, expressed without any attempt to make personal application. To save one's self by lying, to take a mean advantage, to do a selfish or cruel thing, received such demonstration as could never have been made by sermons and bald advice. Their quick perceptions took a clear impression, when a boy with a name and a career which made him seem a reality, stood before them dishonored and despised.

Historical facts become, under the same method, things in which they had a part. Blondel, singing to find a hidden Coeur de Lion was a favorite play; King Arthur, throwing Excalibur into the lake; Alfred, letting the cakes burn at the cotter's fire, were as natural and easy diversions to these children, at one hour, as tag and hide-and-seek would be at another. They were not strong on dates and chronology, but they knew and loved or hated the men and women who had stood foremost in the world from Xerxes to Washington, and they had their own daring and decided opinions, often very diverse from those of wiser judges, as to the worthiness of those whose names came echoing down to them "through the corridors of time." I believe they are all better men and women, and more capable of sound judgment concerning themselves and their neigh-

bors because of this use of books and reading in their very early years.—New York Evening Post.

THE DOORMAT'S WAIL.

"Nobody ever considers me; nobody ever thinks of my feelings," wails the human doormat.

Doubtless this is true, but whose fault is it? The answer is not hard to find. With a very few exceptions, doormatinesss is a trouble we bring upon ourselves.

In a man we call it hen-pecked. But if men are hen-pecked they seldom admit it. They are ashamed to, for one thing. But women have no such wholesale pride in the matter, and there is a whole army of women who complain to heaven that they are not understood, not considered, that their families ruthlessly walk over them daily in the pursuit of their separate ends.

Now, under ordinary circumstances, nobody needs to be walked over, as the saying goes, unless he wants to. He can always get up. Or, if he cannot get up at the time, he can get up afterward, and hardily slay the offending walker.

There is a wholesome, albeit slangy, little proverb much used by small boys, which their grown-up mothers and sisters and cousins and aunts might profitably take to heart. It is the sentiment known as, "Put up or shut up," and a better motto for conducting life's daily struggles could hardly be found.

The small boy's code is a sturdy one. No whining is allowed. If you don't like a thing, pitch in and change it, if you can. If yon can't, you have to grin and bear it.

To revert to the doormat. There are undoubtedly wives, and mothers, and sisters, in families small or large, who do bear the brunt of things. Unfortunately, they often bear also a martyr's crown, and if there is anything more annoying in the ordinary course of everyday events than a domestic martyr, we have yet to find it.

A person who makes it plain that he will stand just so much and no more is seldom asked to endure beyond the limit he has set. This does not mean aggressiveness, the continual chip-on-the-shoulder which actually provokes affronts. It merely means the dignity that goes with a proper respect for oneself, and a sense of justice which insists upon its rights, and gets them.

It is bad for you to be a doormat: It is hard on your disposition, bringing in its trail either the self-righteousness of the martyr or the peevishness of the continually harrassed. More than that, however, and to give an unselfish twist to the matter, it is bad for others. The husband or father or son or brother, who is allowed to go on imposing on you only becomes more selfish and careless and thoughtless.

And so, in the last analysis, it is everyone's solemn duty not to be a doormat.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE TONIC OF SYMPATHY.

As the observant woman awaited her turn one "bargain day" afternoon, she forgot her eagerness to be served in watching the girl behind the counter as she carefully fitted the hands of one who preceded her, for it was plain to be seen that will power alone kept the pale-faced clerk at her task. Still, in reply to such impatient exclamations as: "Do be more expeditious or I will lose my car!" she replied sweetly: "I am doing my very best. If I hurry I am liable to tear them."

"And now it is your turn," said the clerk as the impatient woman walked away, and she smilingly turned to the woman who endeavors to live up to the Golden Rule, under all conditions, "and I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long."

"And I am sorry to add to your burdens by having you wait upon me," was the rejoinder in so sincere a tone that the clerk, with a puzzled look, said:

"Oh, I might as well wait upon you as anyone, for my services are always in demand. What number, please?"

"I have noticed that you are always busy," remarked the customer, after giving her glove number, "but I never saw you look as you do to-day. But it has been an enervating day, withal, and I am glad for your sake, poor dear! that closing time is near."

The clerk then hurriedly faced about, ostensibly to take down more gloves, which gave her a chance to brush aside tears right and left, and then, winking back others, she said, tremulously, as, with bent head, she proceeded to fit the hand of the woman who felt for others:

"I thought I was ready to drop when I turned to you, but I am all couage again, for—you—"

"What, dear?"

The question was not answered at once, however, for the girl evidently feared a scene if she did not get herself well in hand before replying, so no further words passed between them until the second glove was nearly adjusted and then the clerk finished her sentence, saying, in a scarcely audible tone:

"You gave me just the tonic I needed—sympathy. To tell the truth, continued she, after a slight pause, "I had a nervous headache when I came to the store this morning, and it has been a hard fight for me to stand here all day, but you are the only one who seemed to look upon me as anything but a soulless machine."

"Why, you poor child!" was the mother-comment, "how hard it must be to stand here and wait upon thoughtless people when you are ill and tired."

Just then the fitting process was over, and as the clerk folded up the gloves she said with a winsome smile:

"I thought I was both a few moments ago, but, thanks to you, I have had such a tonic that I feel equal to anything now."—Helena M. Thomas.

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES TO YOURSELF.

The man who is not big enough to rise above the things that trouble him, who cannot overtop his aches and pains, annoyances and disappointments, so that they are of little consequence in comparison with his great life aim, will never amount to much. There is an unwritten law for people who are thoroughbred—the real gentleman and the real lady—which compels them to keep their troubles, their ailments, their sorrows, their worries, their losses to themselves. There is a fine discipline in it. It mellows the character and sweetens the life. But when these things are not borne heroically they mar the character and leave their ugly traces in the face; their hideous forms appear in the manner and disfigure the whole life. If you have misfortunes, pains, diseases, losses, keep them to yourself. Bury them. Those who know you have them will love you and admire you infinitely more for this suppression. A stout heart and persistent cheerfulness will be more than a match for all your troubles.

Young People

A CHANGEABLE LITTLE MAID.

I know a little bright-eyed maid,
  Whose moods now grave, now gay,
Change like a shifting weather vane,
  In quite a puzzling way.

While those who hear her laughing voice,
  Her roguish smile remark,
Are wont with pleased accord to say
  "She's happy as a—lark."

Yet, oftentimes, I grieve to add,
  If vexed or hurt by care,
Transformed at once this maid becomes
  As cross as any—bear.

And then our tongues in mild reproof
  Of conduct bad we loose,
And with a frown address her thus:
  "You silly little—goose!"

Throughout the day her active little form
  First here, then there, we see,
And in amazement say she is
  As busy as a—bee.

At last when evening shadows fall
  And silence rules the house,
In slumbering she rests at ease,
  As quiet as a—mouse.

How she can be at once a goose,
  And on the self-same day
A mouse, a lark, a bee, and bear,
  Is more than I can say.

Yet none the less will I maintain,
  Nor contradiction fear
That in addition to all else
  She's just a little—dear.

—Geo. L. Benedict.

THE WHATSOEVER CLASS.

There was a wagonload of them. The driver was Farmer Bigelow's trusty man of all work, August, and the horses were the farmer's gray team. It was hallowe'en and they wore costumes of sheets and pillow cases, and might have been mistaken for ghosts had there been anything the least bit mournful in their laughing and singing.

The first place they stopped at was the shoemaker's house. The shop is in front, and through its uncurtained, shutterless windows they could see the shoemaker drawing his waxed ends through and through as diligently and earnestly as if he had not been squatted there since seven o'clock in the morning.

There was a merry whispered consultation in front of the house, and then the sheeted brigade trooped lightly around to the back. The mother was there, but only six of the children. The two smallest were in bed.

A corner of each sheet had been temporarily gathered up into a bag held together carefully by the wearer, and containing something like apples in shape, but not so heavy.

Three sprites stationed themselves at the door, and two at each of the two windows. Eager hands fumbled at the fastenings.

"Now, then, be careful, girls, don't hit the lamp!"

The door flew open, the windows flew up, and the storm of balls that shot into that room would have done credit to a Gatling gun, if any credit can be attached to an instrument of war.

But though Mr. Shoemaker was hit on the arm, and the oldest girl on the head, and a boy on the shoulder, and the two pairs of twins promiscuously pelted, no one was hurt a bit; for the ammunition consisted of soft balls of stockings. There were cotton ones and woolen ones. There were black ones, white ones, gray ones, striped ones, big ones, little ones, and medium size. There were a great many new ones spick-and-span, but many more that had been cut from partly-worn ones and neatly refooted, being the work of a bevy of clever, kind-hearted girls, one of whom had heard poor, overworked Mrs. Shoemaker say that "the sight of her stocking bag made her feel faint."

Such scurrying and scrambling as there was on the part of those sprites to get back into the wagon before the little Shoemakers could overtake them! August couldn't help them, he laughed so much; besides, he had to keep the horses from joining in the stampede, and Beulah Bigelow, who, as proprietor of the 'rig," had to see the whole company aboard before her turn came, had her sheet nearly pulled off by an inquisitive twin.

"We're elves, Johnny, Hallowe'en fairies," said some one in the wagon.

"Of course you are,' said Johnny, with merry sarcasm, "and I know every goblin of you. You're Mrs. Conover's Whatsoever Class; that's what you are."

Away drove the wagon with its chattering, laughing load.

We'll go to Widow McGee's next, August, and by that time the moon'll be higher, and we can see better for our fun at Frost's.

"Sh-ch-sh, girls!" cautioned one, as they drew up before the widow's "bit of a home." "Don't breathe till I go and see what's going on inside."

Alighting like a feather, as a fairy should, she sped on tiptoe up the garden walk.

"Jamesy's asleep on two chairs," she said, when she came back, "and Mamie's nodding over her 'joggerphy.' But their mother is wide awake. She's ironing. August, you carry the potatoes. Don't make a bit of noise; you're a fairy, too, you know. We'll bring the apples."

It was a very generous bag of potatoes, and clumsy August stumbled up the steps with it, depositing it in the little porch with such a thud that the girls instantly abandoned all attempts at silence, and emptied their baskets of their rosy and yellow contents with a rumble and racket that made poor Mamie dream that Mt. Popocatapetel had toppled over into the sea of Kamtchatka.

August wouldn't let the horses budge until every girl was seated; so, before they started off again, little Mrs. McGee, with Mamie clinging to her dress, stood in the doorway.

"Good-by! Good-by!" they shouted.

"Sure, it's manny a Hallowe'en scrimmage I knowed in the auld counthry, but this is the best good I'v knowed o' anny o' thim!"

The Frosts, poor, dear old people, lived on the outskirts of the town, in the old house owned successively by three or four generations of Frosts. Father Frost had his fuel brought, and through the pleasant early fall he had been used to hack away at it, cutting it into stove lengths, and afterward stacking it under the great lumbering old woodshed.

But this year paralysis had partly disabled him. He had been obliged to hire his wood cut up; but it lay exposed to the weather in great piles. He had the use of one hand, and hoped, little by little, to stack his fuel himself, and thus save the expense of hiring it done.

A "Whatsoever" girl, in passing, had seen him toiling patiently and painfully back and forth, from pile to woodshed, transferring only four or five sticks at each trip; and now, with August's help, these sprites were going to make a Hallowe'en frolic of it and stack the whole.

The moon brightened up her face, and lent her kindest service to help along. And such a frolic! It was a new game, newer and better than tennis, croquet or bean-bags, and, though hands were small and soft and smooth they were willing, even enthusiastic.

August stacked, because he had once been used to it; and Ray Graves was detailed to help him, because she is steady and practical, and has nimble fingers. The rest were to carry.

Back and forth over the dewy grass plot scampered the merry masqueraders. Hurry, scurry, scramble, shout; but "More! more!" was the mischievous cry of the insatiable stackers, whose flying hands slapped the sticks into place with the rapidity of machinery.

Up flew a second-story window, out came a night-capped head, and "What under the canopy?" queried Mother Frost! "Father! do git up, fur the land's sake! Look's if all the clothes lines in the township was dancin' about on our grass plat."

But "Father" was too cautious a man to express his opinion before he had taken observations from more than one point. He went to a front window, and returned, saying:

"It cant be any kind o' malicious mischief, mother, fur Bigelow's team o' grays is a-standin' in front. It must be some kind of a Hallow'en frolic, I guess.' And, getting down beside his wife, he watched the performance below. By and by they understood it.

"Its jest sich a jollification as we was used to when we was young, mother," said the old man. "You ain't got a pot o' doughnuts, ur a few pumpkin pies, you could treat 'em to, hev you?"

"Laws, no, father. Sence there's ben but two of us, I'v got out the way o' makin' up a lot of things at a time."

The last stick was in place before the revelers noticed the two old heads in the upper window.

Lets serenade them," whispered some one, and in a minute all the fresh young voices rang out to the tune of "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot."

Rather quietly the spirites again mounted to their places in the wagon.

" 'The Lord bless them and keep them." said Mother Frost, as she drew in her head and closed the window.

" 'And make his face to shine upon them,' " fervently responded "Father."—Exchange.

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